

Blue Suicide

Coma Cinema

Crucified to my past lives
Be my blue suicide
Self-esteem makes little sense
Primitive and malcontent

I guess a smile has its place
But there's a skull under my face
It's in control
I do what I'm told

Lovers in self-denial
Fucking execution style
Drown the summer
Burn the beach
Going under
Drinking bleach

Can you stay legit
And keep it real
While your hunger begs
You for mass appeal?

So you can hide
From what time
Won't heal